

Republic Pictures' Star

A Fawcett Publication

# ROCKY LANE

Featuring His Million BLACK JACK

## WESTERN

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NO. 24





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REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

# Rocky Lane

in THE  
DANGEROUS  
CUP



WHOA, BOY...  
WHAT'S THAT  
MOVING IN THE  
BRUSH? IT MUST  
BE A RATTLER!



THERE'S ONLY  
ONE WAY TO  
APPROACH A  
RATTLER...  
AND THAT'S  
WITH GUN  
DRAWN!



MUH... IT'S DAVID GOULZ,  
THE JEWELER IN SILVER  
CITY... AND HE'S TIED  
AND  
GAGGED!



HERE... I'LL HAVE  
YOU OUT OF THAT  
HARNESSE IN A  
MINUTE! THEN  
YOU CAN TELL  
ME WHAT  
IT'S ALL  
ABOUT!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



HE CAME IN HYAR THIS AFTERNOON AND ASKED TO SEE THE BEST PRICE OF JEWELRY I HAVE! BUT HE'S A GAMBLIN' FELLOW, AND I TOLD HIM I WOULDN'T SELL IT TO HIM UNLESS HE PAID CASH IN ADVANCE!

HMMM I SO THAT'S IT, EH?

HE SPENDS ALL HIS TIME AT THE GAMBLIN' CASINO! BUT AS FOR THE WHIP, HE MUST'VE DROPPED IT HYAR THIS AFTERNOON!

THEN AGAIN, HE MAY HAVE DROPPED IT THIS EVENING! I THINK I'M GOING TO PAY A VISIT TO HIS RANCH!



GOSH, IT'S MIGHTY DARK AROUND THESE PARTS AND I REALLY DON'T KNOW THE ROAD! I ISN'T IT AT ALL POSSIBLE?

YEH HEARD ME, PARDNER! I SAID GIT!



START MOVIN' OUTTA HYAR FAST.

HYAR'S YORE TEA, BOSS! IT'LL BE GOOD FOR YOUR COLD!









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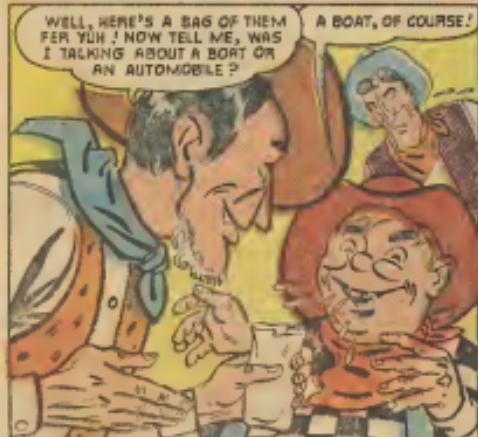
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# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

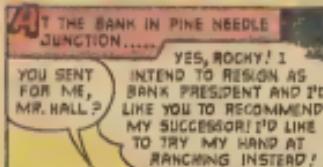
# Rocky Lane

and

## The CLOSED SAFE



A CLOSER DOOR...LOCKED WINDOWS...THE COMBINATION LOCK SET! BUT THE MONEY IS GONE! WHERE? HOW? WHEN? WHO HOLDS THE KEY TO THE MYSTERY OF THE CLOSED SAFE? THAT'S WHAT THE INCOMITABLE SECRET MARSHAL ROCKY LANE COMES UP AGAINST WHEN HE BATTLES A GUNNING AND RUTHLESS OUTLAW TO FIND THE ANSWER!



WELL, THAT'S QUITE A LARGE ORDER ON SHORT NOTICE, BUT I THINK I HAVE JUST THE MAN! HE'S A FORMER SHERIFF WHO RETIRED... AND HE'S LOOKING FOR

A JOB AGAIN!

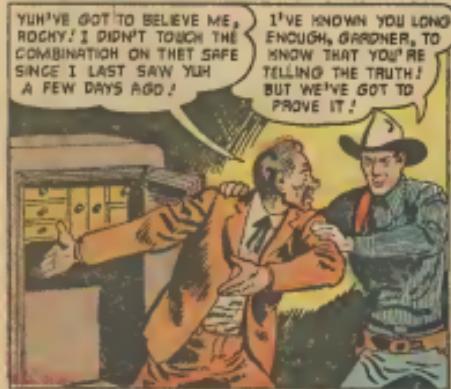


ANYONE YOU RECOMMEND, ROCKY, IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME! I'LL ORDER A NEW COMBINATION FOR THE SAFE, AND HE CAN START IMMEDIATELY!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



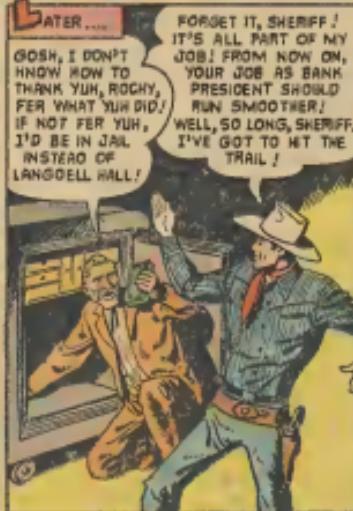




# ROCKY LANE WESTERN



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN





# RUSTLER'S GOLD



By Bob Lucas

**S**CENTING fresh water ahead, the sorrel mare pricked up her nose and broke into a brisk trot without urging from the tall, loose-jointed cowpoke astride her. In a few moments they had reached the edge of the rocks where the mountain began and both rider and mount quenched their thirst.

Blair Carson, kneeling on the river bank, sensed rather than saw imminent danger. Cautiously he raised his eyes and looked straight into the unmoving barrel of a Winchester pointed at his heart. The man on the opposite bank held the rifle loosely, expertly.

"Had yore fill?" he asked, his lips a thin, bitter gash in a leathery old face. "If so, then git!"

Blair flashed an easy smile and nodded towards the mare. "Reckon I'll wait for her. Any objections?"

His steely blue eyes bored into the blood-shot orbs of the stranger. Finally, snorting and blowing, the horse raised her head, and Blair leisurely gathered up the trailing reins and mounted. The rifle still covered him as he swung the horse around and headed towards Coyote Pass, the town whose buildings were faintly visible a mile or so away.

Loping along at a ground-covering gait, Blair Carson leaned back in the saddle and tried to puzzle out the riddle of the riflemen at the river. In conversational tones, as if talking to his wiry horse, he voiced his thoughts.

"Old geezer like that oughtn't to go around drawing a bead on peaceable citizens!" he grumbled half aloud. "Acted like somebody aimed to steal that stream."

The sagebrush thinned out and the mare's high-stepping hoofs kicked up clouds of dust as they neared the town. But Blair detected a jerkiness in her gait and immediately slowed to a walk.

"Must have picked up a pebble back there at the stream," he mused, leaning forward and

affectionately slapping the mare's lean shoulder. "We'll take care of it in a jiffy, as soon as we hit that town yonder," he promised.

A short time later the blacksmith at the stable was working on the mare's lame hoof and finally dug out a sizeable pebble.

"Here's what was hurtin' her, cowboy," he said, dropping the small stone into Blair's hand. Idly, Blair pocketed it. Satisfied that the mare would be well taken care of, he set out to tend to his own needs. Fortunately, the hotel, with its adjoining saloon, was close by and Blair rented a room.

He tossed his saddle bags on the bed, then after a moment's hesitation, unbuckled his Colt .45 and placed it in an empty drawer of the dresser. Going downstairs and next door to the saloon, he prevailed upon the cook to rustle up some grub. He selected a table in one corner, getting no more than casual inspection from the three men huddled around another table nearby. As he waited, he studied the hard-faced men, noting that they were too spruced up to be ordinary cowhands and certainly too hard-boiled to be ranchers or townsmen.

Snatches of their conversation drifted over to him, and when he heard the words "old man" and "stream" he pricked up his ears. A tall, gaunt hombre, with an ugly knife scar down one cheek, said something about "gold." Gold in cattle country like this? Blair thought to himself. Why they're plumb loco!

The appearance of his belated breakfast occupied his attention for the next few minutes, and not until the three toughs pushed back their chairs and stood up did he give them another thought.

"We'll make it tonight," growled the short, stocky one. "The three of us can handle the old buzzard—even with his Winchester!"

Shrugging off the whole thing as none of his business, Blair headed for the general store to buy provisions for the rest of his trip to

## ROCKY LANE WESTERN

Red Bank, where a foreman's job awaited him. An hour later, his purchases were piled on the counter and he dug into his jeans for the money. His fingers encountered the pebble that had lamed his horse and he pulled it out to toss it away. But a glint of light flashing off the stream caught his eye and he examined it more closely. A long, low whistle escaped his lips when he saw what it was.

"It's none of my business," he observed silently. "Still—"

He left his purchases to be picked up later and set out to make a few calls. It was late afternoon when he finally completed his business and went back to the hotel. He carefully cleaned and oiled his six-gun and strapped it on. Taking a second gun from his saddle bag, he stuck it into his waist. The eyes of the men in the saloon had glittered with a feverish light when they talked of "gold," and Blair knew that desperate men would commit murder for the precious metal that was the same yellow color that flecked the stone in his pocket.

He saddled his horse and set off at a fast canter back to the spot where the old man had challenged him earlier in the day. It was night now. Long before he arrived he heard the gunfire and as he approached, he made out the angry red flashes coming from three different positions among the rocks overlooking the stream. The shots were answered from below by the sharp crack of a rifle.

Spurring forward, Blair plunged his horse across the shallow stream and slid off directly alongside the prone figure of the old man.

"Need some help, old timer?" he grinned, whipping out his gun.

"Fought cattle rustlers all my life," the grizzled rifleman snapped. "But now it's gold rustlers!" He reloaded his weapon with practiced fingers.

"That why you shooed me away this morning?"

The old man tossed him a quick glance. "That stream's full of gold nuggets, son, and I'll be doggone if I'll let any two-legged varmints do me out of it!"

Blair chuckled and tossed a few more shots

at the frustrated claim-jumpers. The old man was giving a good account of himself, but with three against two, it was only a question of time before the odds would begin to tell on the two defenders. What was needed was some bold maneuver to outwit the enemy. Blair quickly outlined his plan as he reloaded his six-shooters. "We don't have enough ammunition to hold out long against them," he said, "so we've got to get them and do it in jigt-time."

Blair holstered his guns and slithered along the bank, screened by the low-lying willows. Circling around in a wide arc, he reached a point well behind the bandits and some distance below them. With a shrewd eye he appraised the rugged slope to the summit of the rocks, then bending over, he quickly removed his boots.

His ascent was not only noiseless, but considerably easier with his progress unimpeded by his boots. A few moments later he was above the three attackers, who were busily occupied by the old miner. His steady fire had covered Blair's climb and now they had the men caught in a deadly crossfire. Drawing both guns, Blair stepped from behind a crag and sent a hail of shells at the men. Frantically, they scrambled to gain shelter from the new attack, but were then exposed to the fire from below. It was soon over.

ATER, after the sheriff had taken away the gunmen, Blair figured it was safe to break the news to his companion.

"You know, old timer," he began, "things ain't always what they seem. You took me for a claim jumper this morning. Well, you were wrong."

"You're right, son," the old man said. "And I want to thank you for the way you lit into them polecats."

"But you were wrong about the gold, too," Blair added, not looking at the man. "I had one of your 'nuggets' assayed in town today. It was iron pyrite—"fool's gold!"'

There was a long, empty silence, then the old man threw back his head and cackled. "Well, anyway, it was a danged good fight!"

THE END



# ROPING 'N' RIDING

With



4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.  
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HOWDY, PARTNERS,

SADDLE UP AND RIDE ALONG WITH ME FOR A SPELL. BLACK JACK KNOWS THE WAY ALL BY HIMSELF. WE WANT TO SHOW YOU A CORRAL OF MIGHTY FINE CATTLE, A RANCH WHERE THE BEST STEERS IN THE WEST ARE RAISED. IT'S THE LAZY S AND IF YOU LOOK YOU'LL SEE A MIDDLE-AGED, THIN RANCH HAND WORKING IN THE STABLES. THAT'LL BE NED THOMSON. NED TAKES CARE OF ALL THE STABLES, CLEANING THE STALLS, TENDING TO THE FEED BOXES, SOAPING THE RIDING GEAR -- THE BRIDLES, REINS, STIRRUP LEATHER, GINCH BELTS, SADDLE SKIRTS AND OTHER ASSORTED TACK.

OFFHAND, YOU PROBABLY KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE WHO'D SAY THAT TAKING CARE OF THE STABLES AND TACK WASN'T MUCH OF A JOB -- CERTAINLY NOT AN IMPORTANT ONE. THOSE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT THINKING STRAIGHT. ONE TIME NED TOOK SICK, FOR QUITE A SPELL, AND IT SHOWED EVERYONE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER. IN SHORT ORDER, THE STABLES GREW DIRTY, THE RIDING TACK, CARED FOR BY NED, RECEIVED NO CARE AND THE LEATHER GREW HARD AND CRACKED; STIRRUPS BROKE AND MANY COWPUNCHERS HAD CLOSE BRUSHES WITH THE GRIM REAPER. THE COWPUNCHERS, USUALLY TOO TIRED TO PROPERLY TEND TO THE RIDING GEAR, DID THE BEST THEY COULD, BUT THINGS WEREN'T THE SAME. NED, AT HIS JOB, WAS A SPECIALIST, YOU MIGHT SAY.

SO WHEN HE DID FINALLY GET WELL ENOUGH TO RETURN, THE LAZY S WAS MIGHTY GLAD OF IT. THAT'S THE WAY IT IS WITH EVERY JOB, PARTNERS. WHENEVER YOU SEE OR HEAR OF SOMEONE SNAPPING AT SOME PERSON'S JOB, REMEMBER THERE'S A MIGHTY BIG NEED FOR EVERY MAN'S JOB, WHETHER HE BE A DOCTOR, A PLUMBER, A DELIVERY BOY OR -- YES, SOMEONE WHO TAKES CARE OF STABLES OR CLEANS STREETS!

AND NOW, PARTNERS, I'LL BE RIDING ON.... BUT BLACK JACK AND I'LL BE AMBLING THIS WAY AGAIN LOOKING FOR ALL OF YOU.

YOUR PALS,

*Allan "Rocky" Lane*

AND BLACK JACK U



# GOPHERFACE

DOT'S ENOUGH



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North Rodford Ave., North Hollywood, Calif.)

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

# Rocky Lane

and

## The GUILTY MIND



THE FURIES OF A FLAMING INFERNO DESTROY THE LAST VESTIGE OF EVIDENCE, BUT THE GUILTY MIND REMAINS... TO HARASS, TO THREATEN AND TO HAUNT!



# ROCKY LANE WESTERN

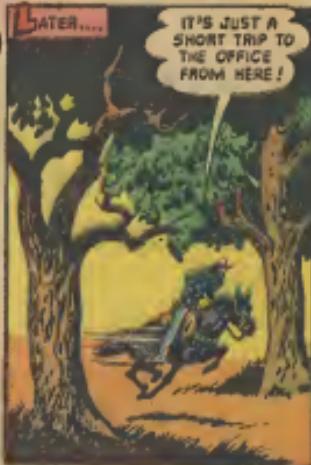


ROCKY LANE WESTERN





ROCKY LANE WESTERN





HE'S OUT COLD! THE ONLY THING  
TO DO IS GO THROUGH HIS POCKETS  
AND FIND OUT WHERE HE CAME  
FROM. THE SHERIFF THERE  
SHOULD BE ABLE TO HELP  
ME OUT!



LATER...  
**JAIL**

MEBBE WE ALL MISJUDGED THE POOR CHITTER ! BESIDES, IT'S DISRESPECTFUL TO SPEAK ILL OF THE DEAD !

I OIINE THE ONLY THING YUH FOLKS CAN DO FORGET 'BOUT THE MONEY THAT WAS DUE YUH. NOW THAT HE DIED IN THE FIRE, MEBBE IT'S BEST TO BELIEVE THAT HE WAS TELLING YUH THE TRUTH !



AND AFTER THE SHERIFF EXPLAINS AND THE MONEY RETURNED.....

IT'S ALL CLEAR NOW, SHERIFF ! AND IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT GUILTY CONSCIENCE OF HIS, WE NEVER WOULD'VE CAUGHT HIM !

DID YOU SAY WE, MARSHAL ? AREN'T YOU BEING A BIT MODEST ?



I'M NOT INTERESTED IN GETTING THE CREDIT, SHERIFF ! ALL I WANT TO DO IS KEEP LAW AND ORDER !

SPOKEN LIKE THE BEST MARSHAL IN THE WEST, ROCKY... WHICH YUH ARE !



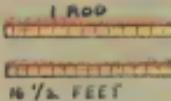
IT'S THE MOOSEGOW GOSH, EVERYTHING TURNED OUT PLUMB FINE ! FOR YUN, BREZEL... FOR ROBBERY AND FOR ATTEMPTING TO MURDER ROCKY LANE !





SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY!  
SCORE YOURSELF AS FOLLOWS:  
5 CORRECT, EXCELLENT — 4 CORRECT, GOOD —  
3 CORRECT, FAIR — 2 CORRECT, POOR.

① ONE ROD IS EQUAL TO  
SIXTEEN AND ONE-HALF  
FEET.



TRUE ... FALSE ...

② AARON BURR WAS  
THE THIRD VICE-PRESI-  
DENT OF THE U.S.



TRUE ... FALSE ...

③ THE EARTH IS A  
PLANET.

TRUE ... FALSE ...



④ ARIES IS ONE OF THE  
SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

TRUE ... FALSE ...



⑤ THE FIRST BOSTON  
FIRE ENGINE WAS  
INTRODUCED IN 1879.

TRUE ... FALSE ...



## ANSWERS:

① FALSE, ② TRUE, ③ TRUE, ④ TRUE, ⑤ FALSE.

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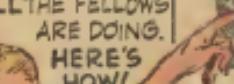
LET'S SEE - HEY,  
HERE'S HOW  
TO BUILD A  
**WATER ROLLER  
COASTER!**

SURE - AND  
HERE'S A  
PAGE ON  
**PETS...** AND  
A SPORTS  
QUIZ AND LOTS  
OF EXCITING  
STORIES  
TOO!



GOSH - AND HERE'S  
**MARK TRAIL HIMSELF**  
JUST LIKE IN THE  
PAPERS. HEY, EDDIE,

NOTHING  
DOING, BOB.  
GET ONE OF  
YOUR OWN LIKE  
ALL THE FELLOWS  
ARE DOING.  
HERE'S  
HOW!



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